

FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

What Is Seen in the Shops

BY THE SHOPPER.

Sleeping quarters for very young children are a much more serious consideration than many people imagine, and if half the care that is necessary were taken, whooping cough, and minor colds could be entirely avoided. The habit of sleeping on a bed is a very healthful, no one who can possibly arrange it should sleep indoors in warm weather. A close room makes the body too hot for comfort and changes in temperature are greater than they are in the open air. Bassinets on wooden frames, which may be folded up and packed into a very small space, and swinging hammocks which may be hung from the head and foot of a bed are just the thing for the baby, and are for sale at a store on F street and Eleventh, which deals exclusively in housefurnishings. The bassinets, which are five feet long and sell for \$3, have a ventilated wire mattress, comfortable and sanitary. The other style swinging hammock is smaller, but covers over completely at the top so that it is impossible for the baby to be lost out. The price of this one is \$1.50.

At the beginning of the summer season hat trimmings, dresses and all manner of clothing had a touch of rattle or tinkle (towel) and were made of a very serviceable material in no way wanted, hats in Turkish towel being made and sold by the store on F street and Eleventh, these hats, in different shapes and sizes are for sale for the summer. A small band of moire ribbon around the crown, which may be removed and a flannel band substituted. White and black and plain black straw hats of Milan are \$1.38.

THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY.
THE PRINCE OF PRETENSEBy
STEPHEN CHALMERS
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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

The sole survivor of a shipwreck off the Scottish coast, a young man named Charles Edward Casimir, bears a striking resemblance to Bonnie Prince Charlie, the great-grandson of Bonnie Dalglish, who was a woman of the Scottish highlands and called a meeting of chiefs of clans to greet him. The stranger neither affirms nor denies until his presence attracts the notice of the English troops in post at Inverloch, when he is taken to the castle of Edinburgh. He is a man of the Scottish highlands, and he is in reality an American agent. He is a man of the Scottish highlands, and he is in reality an American agent. He is a man of the Scottish highlands, and he is in reality an American agent.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRINCE PASSES.
Late that evening Margaret, tired in soul and body, found herself seated before a fire. She was dimly conscious that she was in the house of a quiet, old woman, called Mrs. Grant, and that the house was in the village of Morak, about fifteen miles from the Cotohouse.

How she arrived here she hardly knew. It had been a wild race, in which her physical strength and mental determination had been tried to the utmost. She had a confused memory of following at the heels of two stalwart men—one the shepherd, the other the big smuggler, Captain Grant. Mrs. Grant's husband and the road was rough and uneven, indeed, it was not a road at all. Circumstances had forced the little party to take a path, and they had skulked over the heath late in the dusk of the day, hiding at intervals and pressing on at every opportunity.

Yes, it was a confused memory of turmoil, fraught with terror and physical pain. Margaret's memory was turning to a terrible picture. Exhausted as she now was, the very tension of what she had undergone left her sleepless. She merely sat before the fire, rigid in weariness, and stared in to the glowing heat.

And before the race—what was it? She remembered a rapid trot upon her door at the Cotohouse, and the shepherd whispering frantically. When she emerged, fully dressed, she found the shepherd impatiently waiting. He was standing by the closed door of the living room, with his ear bent to the woodwork, was the woodwork, was the woodwork.

"Come," said McEndrick. "The prince is gone. He is either in the hands of the redcoats or on his way to Morak. If he is not, then he knows what to do and where his only chance lies—at Morak. The ship is waiting."

"Very well," said Margaret coolly. "What am I to do? I am waiting." The smuggler heard her, and ran to the window with a laugh. He opened it gently, peered down, and dropped to the ground. At the same time loud voices came from the downstairs portion of the inn.

"Jump," said McEndrick, urging Margaret toward the window. "It is not far, and he will be waiting for you." Margaret blindly obeyed.

Heather Bloom, the smuggler, caught her by the great coat and lowered her gently to her feet. Then he looked up at the window, and whispered: "Easy, old man. Your bones are brittle."

McEndrick lowered himself down the wall until Heather Bloom could grip his knees. Then he let go and slid ungracefully to the ground, falling in a heap at the smuggler's feet. The shepherd scrambled up without a word. Then the race began.

Five minutes later Margaret was laboring forward as in a dream, and clung to the crook of McEndrick's staff, the other in use to climb the hillside and prevent herself from stumbling.

For two or three miles the two men and the woman went on in the gathering dusk. Finally the smuggler fell flat and waved his followers to the ground with a frantic down-jerking of his hand. Margaret put her face close to the heather and heard, mingling with the thud of her own heart, the steady tramp of the foot of a man.

"Yon's Captain Kilby," whispered McEndrick. "That means three bodies of redcoats on the search." Silence followed the coming away of the hoof-beats. Then Margaret heard the smuggler whisper:

"Come on. Later, when it was quite dark, and they had gained a sheltered spot in a valley where there was a bit of wood, the smuggler called to Margaret. "What does it all mean?" asked Margaret impatiently.

Heather Bloom laughed softly in the darkness and echoed her question half mockingly. It was McEndrick who answered her.

Miss Garlington and Lt. Chamberlin
Will Be Married July Twenty-fourthCards Out for Wedding of
Popular Army Girl to
Cavalry Officer.

Brig. Gen. Ernest A. Garlington, U. S. A., and Mrs. Garlington have cards out for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Sally Garlington, to Harry Dwight Chamberlin, lieutenant, Seventh United States Cavalry, on Wednesday afternoon, July 24, at 5 o'clock, St. John's Episcopal Church.

The engagement of Miss Garlington, who is one of the most popular girls in the service, was announced last February, shortly after her return from the Philippines, where Lieutenant Chamberlin is stationed, and where she had been the guest of her uncle and aunt, Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bell for a year. She made her debut in Washington three winters ago and has been prominently identified with the younger set since.

John Barrett Sails Today for London.

John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American Union, sailed from New York today on the Olympic for London, where he will address the chamber of commerce on trade relations in Central America.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Hopkins have gone to Newport and are at the Casino for the summer.

Major and Ellwood W. Evans, U. S. A., and Mrs. Evans have returned from a six weeks' stay in the Adirondacks.

The minister of Nicaragua, who accompanied Senora de Castillo and their family to the city, will make only short visits to his family until after the adjournment of Congress.

Lieut. Comdr. A. E. Watson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Watson will occupy the house of Rear Admiral E. W. Watson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Watson in Twenty-first street this summer, the latter having gone to Allentown, N. J., for the summer.

Mrs. Russell A. Alger, wife of the former Secretary of War, and her daughter, Mrs. Henry D. Sheldon, have gone to New York on their way to spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Victor Cushman, formerly Miss Louise Foraker, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis at Bar Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard and Miss Margaret Perin have gone to the country place in Maryland for a brief sojourn before joining the summer colony on the Maine shore.

Mrs. Heathcote S. Grant, wife of the naval attaché of the British embassy, has returned to England for the summer. She will return with her in the fall.

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MISS SALLY GARLINGTON.

Minister Ide Sails For Post in Spain

Henry C. Ide, the American minister to Spain, sailed from New York today on the Olympic of the White Star line, to return to his post. The minister came over to attend the wedding of his daughter, Miss Marjorie Ide, to Shane Leslie, of London, which took place recently at the country place of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, at Port Washington, Long Island.

Brig. Gen. Theodore A. Bingham, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Bingham are spending the summer at Narragansett Pier.

Senator O'Gorman has canceled his trip to Europe. His daughter, Miss Dolores O'Gorman, is visiting Miss Haggerty at Allentown, N. J., and another daughter, Miss Anna O'Gorman, is also there, the guest of the daughter of Judge Mulqueen.

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Maj. Pierre C. Stevens and
Mrs. Stevens to Spend
Summer at Chevy Chase.

Major Pierre C. Stevens, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stevens will spend the summer at Chevy Chase, Md., having closed their Washington residence for the summer. Mrs. Stevens will leave Washington shortly for a visit along the North Shore, going first to Jamestown, R. I., to be the guest of Mrs. W. W. Wetherston, wife of Major General Wetherston, U. S. A.

Mrs. William Lee Pryor, wife of Lieutenant Pryor, U. S. N., and her sister, Miss Katharine Knight, are spending the month of July at the Navy-view, Jamestown, R. I.

Capt. H. R. Lemly, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Lemly have closed their apartment at Stoneleigh Court and have gone North for the summer.

Rear Admiral Newton E. Mason, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mason have gone to month, to town, R. I., for the next two months.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish To Give Large Ball.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who has assumed her place as leader of Newport society after an absence of three years, has given up her proposed barn dance for the evening of July 27, and instead will take some night early in August for a ball at Crossways in honor of her niece, Miss Holmes. Fish, the debutante daughter of Hamilton Fish, whom she will present on this occasion.

Mrs. Fish will make a large addition to the drawing room of her villa for the ball room, where the cotillion will be danced, and this will be one of the largest of the summer.

Mrs. Fish is also giving a large dinner, with informal dancing, on the night of July 13.

Mrs. Simon Lyons and children, of the Ontario, left yesterday to spend the summer at the Royal Palace, Atlantic City.

Miss Marie Bondy and Miss Valerie Bondy, of Baltimore, spent a few days during the week with friends in Washington.

Mrs. Max Goldsmith, of Calvert street, left during the week to spend the summer in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Rosenthal, of the Kenesaw, are spending a few days in Atlantic City.

Miss Flossie Rothschild, who was the guest of Miss Rose Breslau, of Euclid street, has returned to her home in Baltimore.

Theodore Piccard and niece, Miss Elsie Piccard, left during the week for a few weeks' trip to Niagara, the great Lakes, Canada, and New York.

Mrs. William Michaels and daughter, Miss Virginia Michaels, are spending a few weeks in Baltimore.

Miss Ida Baum has returned to her home in Lancaster, Pa., after spending a few days in New York.

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FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

HOW AUDREY CAPTURED THE INDIANS.

FIFTY years ago the country out West was full of Indians, who gave the white people a great deal of trouble. So there were forts full of soldiers scattered about in the different States to protect the settlers. In one of these forts lived Colonel Winston and with him his only daughter, Audrey, a girl of twelve years. She was the only child among so many grown people, Audrey was much petted. But that did not prevent her from being a brave little girl, and she took notice of everything that went on in the stirring life of the plains.

The country around the fort was full of Indians, known as the Black Feet tribe, and their chief was a powerful man named Red Thunder. He seemed to be very friendly with the white soldiers and, being an educated Indian, often came to the fort to spend a while. One summer it was decided to have a big celebration and invite the Indians to the games, at which Audrey was to read off the list and give the prizes for the best rifle shot there was to be a beautiful gun, and there were other fine things for those who were the best and ran the fastest.

The day of the celebration dawned bright, and soon the fort was full of gaily painted redmen, who mingled freely with the soldiers. The morning was spent in looking about the stables and grounds, but after a noon dinner all gathered to the big parade ground to see the contests.

It was a fine sight to see the big green parade ground covered with soldiers in Indian regalia, their blankets, and the ladies in their light gowns. Then the band played gaily, the flags floated over the fort in a snapping breeze, and all was full of life and gaiety.

Presently the games began and there was great sport. But after about an hour in the sun, Audrey left the grandstand in order to get a cool drink. On her way back she had to pass by some thick bushes, and as she did so she heard the sound of whispering on the other side of the wall. She stopped.

"The players are not here," said a voice which she knew was that of Red Thunder. "We Indians are to attack the whites during the rifle match. The soldiers will not be able to stand in their hands then, for their arms will be stacked—we will have ours and can easily secure all the firearms of the fort in a few minutes." Then Audrey heard the men walk away.

She peeped over the wall and there on the ground was a big pile of powder. She picked it up and found it was a written account of the entire plan made out by the chief to show to his followers, and he did not know that he had dropped it. The girl hid it in her dress and flew back to the stand, which was packed with the men and ladies of the fort.

She realized just what it meant that she had heard—the Indians intended to attack the whites when the soldiers were unarmed, while they had the rifles which they were to use in the shooting contest. What was to be done? Her father and mother had gone from the stables and all were waiting for her to give the signal for the rifle-shooting contest to begin. One of the men at the gate and game, for the Indians would suspect they were found out in their plan. Everything seemed to swim before her eyes as she gazed down the long green hill which sloped away from the fort gate. Then an idea came to her—there was an easy way to capture the entire band. She stood up on the bench and holding in her left hand her tiny gold watch, said:

"Before the rifle shooting begins there will be a running match. I will throw this ball out through the gate, it will roll down the hill—the first man to bring it back tests the watch." Putting all her